Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten

# Dead Man's Rock

A Romance of Buried Treasure and of a Strange Quest.

### By A. T. Quiller-Couch

Amos Treneweth has accured and hidden away he Great Roby of Ceylin. His son, Eackiel, under by directions in als father's will, goes is said that in the force in the runy's whereabouts. Collier and his account line. Railion, kill Eackiel and thy in vain to lind a clase to the runy's whereabouts. Collier line and the line and the hands of Jasper leaves the class. His trene and the mystery would end together—so best.

I reached my lodgings, ran upstairs, took out the key and the tin box, and descended again into the hail and out into the street.

Still in my dull stupor I found myself nearing the river. During the summer I had purchased a boat, in which my Claire and I were used to row idly whithersoever love guided our oars. This boat, with the approach of winter, I had caused to be inrought down the river and had had back as though buffeted in the face, then, as our eyes

the face, then, as our eyes met and read in each other the desperate truth. I sprang forward just in time to catch her as she fell.

Presently she recovered and without a word started from the graveyard, a word started from the graveyard, a word started from the graveyard.

Nor would she let me follow. As I

though you went on you. In the divide go." I must have more," was the an-

hearts do not break so easily. You would grieve at first, but in a little while I should be forgotten."

Lattle by little my hope was slip-

"Francesca." At last Claire came on which swung from a rafter tide of joy swept over me as I the stage; and the thronged house above. Its faint ray just revealed flected that after all he had

steadily averted. And it then suddenly dawned upon me that she must on one of these I was seated, propped for he looked steadily at me out of be playing with a purpose that what that purpose was I could not guess.

Whatever it was, she was acting the cabin wall, or rather those dark eyes of his, and then said that purpose was I was been and had for the presdenly dawned upon me that she must be playing with a purpose; but what that purpose was I could not guess. magnificently and had for the pres- I learned that I was bound hand and taunt your miserable case, but do you Loveday's ent completely surrendered herself to foot.

tin box containing my father's four-

Nor would she let me follow. As I found myself at length under the shadow of a black three-masted schooner that lay close under shore, tilted over on her port side in the now and perhaps see you; but, oh, pray, not to-day?"

How long I rowed I do not know. I found myself at length under the shadow of a black three-masted schooner that lay close under shore, tilted over on her port side in the low water. I looked up and saw the words, Water-Witch, painted in white upon her pitch-dark bows.

"Love is strong as death!" I pro-with all speed, and I had already taken half a stroke when something

"No, Jasper; it can never be—never.
Do you think I am not suffering—that
it is nothing to me to lose you? Try
to think better of me. Oh, Jasper,
it is hard indeed for me, and—I love
you so."

"Claire, I will not give you up; not
though you went on your knees and
implored it. Death alone can divide go."

taken half a stroke when something
caused my hands to drop and my
beart to give one wild leap. Two
people were talking aboard the
schooner.
In those two voices I recognized
Mrs. Luttrell and Simon Colliver!
"Have you not done enough?" the
woman's voice was saying. "Has your
cruelty no end that you must pursue
me so? Take this money and let me
implored it. Death alone can divide go."

us now; and even death will never "I must have more," was the ankill my love."
"Death!" she answered. "Think. Go, only go, and I will send you
then, that I am dead. Ah, love, some. I swear it."

And through her sobs came in a spot which is only uncovered at dead low water; and to this conclusion I am also helped by the last could distinguish a spot which is only uncovered at dead low water; and to this conclusion I am also helped by the last clusion I am also helped by the last sentence, which says. 'Low water one and one-half hours.' It is, then, well.'

The Secret of the Great Key.

The Secret of the Great Key. She did not once glance in the di-she did not once glance in the di-she did not once glance in the di-rection of my box, but kept her eyes sisted of a seaman's chest standing secret was safe as yet. She did not once giance in the eyes sisted of a seaman's chest standing rection of my box, but kept her eyes sisted of a seaman's chest standing steadily averted. And it then sud- in the middle and two gaunt stools.

mind my saying that you are a fool?

The tragedy was nearly over. Transcess had dismissed her oil form their capitylets his new bride from their capitylets have now left alone upon the stage. The last appeal alone, and was now left alone upon the stage. The last appeal alone, and make the product of the stage and was now left alone upon the stage. The last appeal alone, and now left his dead friends face out of a huge and was now left in the dead.

The tragedy was nearly over. Transcess and dismissed her oil lover and the course herog skillful we reached Pirmouth shortly after dor that, as we looked, met and concarve—herog skillful we reached Pirmouth shortly after dor that, as we looked, met and concarve—herog skillful we reached Pirmouth shortly after dor that, as we looked, met and concarve—herog skillful we reached Pirmouth shortly after dor that, as we looked, met and concarve—herog skillful we reached Pirmouth shortly after dor that, as we looked, met and concarve—herog skillful we reached Pirmouth shortly after dor that, as we looked, met and concarve—herog skillful we reached Pirmouth shortly after dor that, as we looked, met and concarve—herog skillful we reached Pirmouth shortly after dor that, as we looked, met and concarve—herog skillful we reached the chest data of a huge fallen the charge strength has been dead?" He staged back a step, and almost at the bounder lying by, and then murdered problems and almost at the bounder lying by, and then murdered staged back a step, and almost at the bounder lying by, and then murdered problems as a should be purple red. Calm and sic of Polkimbra belia as the bounder lying by, and then murdered staged back a step, and almost at the bounder lying by, and then murdered problems and almost at the bounder lying by, and then murdered staged back a step, and almost at the bounder lying by, and then murdered staged back a step, and almost at the bounder lying by, and then murdered step out of a large that the christ and the course and there centrated in one glowing f matted hair, black eaves under derous, cold blooded, dannable vil-which his eyes gleamed red as fire lain; but he was only a fool for once and glinted lastly upon something in his life, and that was when he

be?"

"Fiend!" I yelled, "you can kill me her and bade her do her worst. Ah, but she kept that knife. Did you take, but I will count your crimes with my last breath. Take but she kept that knife. Did you the her and bade her do her worst. Ah, but she kept that knife. Did you the her and bade her do her worst. Ah, but she kept that knife. Did you there I spied Simon Colliver moving like an evil spirit.

I heard him demand a ticket for Penryn, and, after waiting until be had in the dark, mistaking him for me. Take it as you took Claire's, old priest to carve—being skillful with the chisel—that yills distortion.

We reached Plymouth shortly after the same station.

sought. How slowly the train dragged through Cornwall. It would be so before we reached Penryn, and low water was at 11.30. We reached Penryn at 9.30. Thence, by stage, I still dogged my man unseen, and at last I stood on the sands beneath Dead Man's Rock. I had outstripped Colliver on the last mile of the journey.

I pulled out my watch. Close on I had ever fed its flames with blood; stronger than the centuries, blood; stronger than the centuries. There is little more to tell. Next day, at low ebb, with the aid of Joe Roscoria (still hale and hearty) and a few Polkimbra flahermen whom I knew, the rest of my grandfather's treasure was secured and carried up this shoulder, then sprang to my feet. My waiting was over.

He gave one start of uttermost terble the bow of dead low tile. And rere leased to his feet, and in an in-

black devilish eyes of the south moran.

Then the curtain fell.

Then the curtain fell.

CHAPTER XV.

TWO Voices Lead Me.

Two Voices L

TF you should receive a mysterious sealed box, with solemn orders not to open it until a certain date-Would you obey those orders? Perhaps you would follow the example of the hero of

## THE SON

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that the clasp said. He measured it coherently to himself and humming out to the end, and then, digging with wild snatches of song.

his heel a small hole in the sand, began to walk back toward the rock, him, and laid my hand upon his this time to the north side. And still shoulder. He paused for a moment,

I waited.

Apparently his measurements were successful, for the tape led him once more to the hole he had marked in the sand. He paused for a moment or two, drew out the clasp, which shot out a sudden gleam as he turned it in his hand, and consuited it carefully. Presumably satisfied, he walked back to the rock to fetch some tools. And still I crouched, waiting with knife in the contract of the still I crouched, waiting, with knife in

"Kill him!" she said simply.

I hurried to Paddington railway station. Ahead of me in the crowd there I spied Simon Colliver moving like an evil spirit.

I heard him demand a ticket for Penryn, and, after waiting until behald left the booking office, took one myself for the same station.

We reached Plymouth shortly after 5—the train being late—and here centrated in one glowing heart of square, covered with an iron lid. As we gazed with straining eyes, Colstanting eyes, Colst

" Fur his glittering spes are the salt sea's price and his fingers clutch the sand, my lads."

Arrived once more at the point where the two lines met, he threw a hasty glance around and began to dig rapidly.

Presently I heard his spade strike against something hard. Surely he had not yet dug deeply enough. The clasp had said "four feet six inches," and the pit could not yet be more than three feet in depth. Colliver bent down and drew something out, then examined it intently. As I strained forward to look he haif turned and I saw between his hands—a human skull.

Instantly he fell to digging anew and I to watching. For a full twenty minutes he labored, flinging out the will be abount raise of the sult seed has giftering eyes are the sait sea's prise, and his flingers clutch the sand. Here's pretty sand for you sand of all colors; look, look, there's a brave sparkle!" And again he ran the priceless shower through his flingers.

"Oh, yes," he continued after a moment, looking up: "oh, yes, I know you—Ezeklei Trenoweth, of course; or is it Amos or Jasper? No matter, you are all dead. I killed the last of you last year—no, last night—all dead:

"And the deal has flingers clutch the sand. Here's pretty sand for you sand of all colors; look, look, there's a brave sparkle!" And again he ran the priceless shower through his flingers.

"Oh, yes," he continued after a moment, looking up: "oh, yes, I know you—Ezeklei Trenoweth, of course; or is it Amos or Jasper? No matter, you are all dead. I killed the last of you last year—no, last night—all dead:

"And the deal has glittering yes are the sait sea's prise, and his flingers clutch the sand. Here's pretty sand for you is and there's pretty sand for you is and all colors; look, look, there's a brave sparkle!" And again is fingers clutch the sand. Here's pretty sand for you is and there's pretty sand for you is and there's pretty sand for you is and here's pretty sand for you is and there's pretty sand for you is and there's pretty sand for you is and here's pretty

minutes he labored, flinging out the sand to right and left and every now and then stopping for a moment to measure his progress.

He was just resuming, after one of these rests, when his spade grated against something. He bent low to examine it and then began to shovel out the sand with inconceivable rapidity.

The treasure was found!

Like a madman he worked; so that even from where I steed I could hear his breath coming hard and fast. At length, with one last glancs around, he knelt down and disappeared from

"For his glittering cres are the sait seed"

"Where is the skull? Let me fit it with a bonny pair of eyes here—bere they are; or here, look, here's a pair that change color when they move. Where is the skull? Give it me. Oh, I forgot, I lost it. Never mind; find it, find it. Here's plenty of eyes when you find it. Or give it this big, red one. Here's a faming, fiery eye!"

As he stretched out his hand over the Great Ruby I caught him by the wirst. But he was too quick for me, and with a sharp snarl and click of his beack.

Then in a flash, as I grappled with

The street of the street is easily. The treasures was found?

The treasures was found in the treasure was found. It may evided for the street is a many factor of the life. I pulse to reason the shooter of some the shooter of some the shooter of some treasures was found. It was street found the street of the life. I pulse to reason the shooter of some treasures was found. It was street found the street of the life. I pulse to reason the shooter of some treasures was found. It was street found the street of the life. I pulse to reason the shooter of some treasures was found. It was street found the street of the life. I pulse to reason the shooter of some treasures was found. It was street found the str

"Look here!" and he pulled a greasy book from his pocket. "Here is a nautical almanac. What day is it?

December 23d, or rather some time in the morning of December 24th, Christmas Eve. On the evening of December 24th, it is full moon, and dead low water in Falmouth about have in faite, Mr. Trenoweth?) could not have chosen the time better. In something under twenty hours one of us will have his hands upon the treasure. Which will it be, ch? Which will it be, ch? Which will it be?

"Fiend!" I yelled, "you can kill me

"Look here!" and he pulled a greasy that friend. There, on that very spot the cords with which Simon Celliver glittering as though for joy to see the lay a heavy knife and baseled her lay a heavy knife and the cords with which Simon Celliver glittering as though for joy to see the lad bound me.

"How did you manage to get me lay thus roughly heaped together and plittering as though for joy to see the lay a heavy knife and bound me.

"How did you manage to get me lay the cords with which Simon Celliver and bound me.

"How did you manage to get me lay thus roughly heaped together and plittering as though for joy to see the lay thus roughly heaped together and plittering as though for joy to see the lay thus roughly heaped together and baseling over us, soak-lad bound me.

"How did you manage to get me lay thus roughly heaped together and blastened her lay thus roughly heaped together and blastened her lay a heavy knife and busined together and bestrain on the leaded bound me.

"How did you manage to get me lay thus roughly heaped together and bound me.

"How did you manage to get me

upon the house. Then house we reapped alonely forward it to good the state of the property of